

Hide and Seek

A YEARLY ANTHOLOGY
OF QUOTATIONS
FOR COMPETITION

BY
"FREEMANTLE"

ONE HUNDRED & FOURTEENTH YEAR

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2011

COUPON
2011

RULES

1. The answers with full references and with the Coupon attached, must be sent in by November 1st 2011 to:- MISS ASPINALL, THE FERRY HOUSE, LELANT, ST IVES, CORNWALL TR26 3DZ and the letters 'H. & S.' clearly written on the envelope.
2. By full reference is meant, author, title, volume, book, chapter, act, scene, etc. and verse or line, except in the case of very short poems. In plays or dialogue, the name of the speaker must be given.
3. The quotations are from English and American literature only. No author is quoted more than once.
4. Twenty marks will be given for any answers found by only one competitor and ten marks for any answers found by only two competitors.
5. If the Internet has been used, please write 'Net' after your answer. 5 marks will be awarded (if the Net has the right answer, of course!)
6. Papers will be returned with Answer Sheet, if a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed.
7. Orders for the 2012 edition of *Hide and Seek* can be sent to:- MISS ASPINALL, THE FERRY HOUSE, LELANT, ST IVES, CORNWALL TR26 3DZ. Price £2.25. Publication will be December 2011.

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JANUARY

I

Shake now and wake to lean there
On a soft elbow seeing where we race
A whiplash curving outwards to the stars,
A glowing coal to light the lamps of space.

II

"By holy rood, a royal beard!
How say you? We have slept, my lords.
My beard has grown into my lap."
The barons swore, with many words,
"Twas but an after-dinner nap.

III

... if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon,
upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if
he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends
his servants to them.

IV

And then to awake, and the farm, like a wanderer, white
With the dew come back, the cock on his shoulder: it was all
Shining, it was Adam and maiden
The sky gathered again
And the sun grew round that very day.

V

... I was awakened this morning with the chime which Antwerp cathedral
clock plays at half hours. The tune has been haunting me ever since, as
tunes will. You dress, eat, drink, walk and talk to yourself to their tune;
their inaudible jingle accompanies you all day.

VI

How cold
How dried a stillness. Like blade on stone,
A wind is scraping, first his way, then that,
Morning, perhaps, but not a proper one,
Turn. Sleep will unshell us, but not yet.

FEBRUARY

I

He is the corporate Silence; dread him not!
No power hath he of evil in himself;
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)
Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
No foot of man) commend thyself to God!

II

Though the dun fox, or wild hyena calls,
And owls, that flit continually between,
Shriek to the echo, and the low winds moan,
There true Silence is, self-conscious and alone.

III

We moved in an hallucination born
Of silence, which like music gave us lotus
To eat, perfuming lips and our long eyelids
As we trailed over the sad summer grass

IV

By the multitude
The rugged columns of wood
And bunches of the branches stood;
Thick as a mob, deep as a sea
And silent as eternity.

V

Elected Silence, sing to me
And beat upon my whorled ear,
Pipe me to pastures still and be
The music that I care to hear.

VI

Appeal, fair stone,
From God's pure heights of beauty, against man's wrong!
Catch up in thy divine face, not alone
East griefs, but west, -- and strike and shame the strong,
By thunder of white silence overthrown

MARCH

I

Blow wind out of the north
You slice like piece of tin
Slice my guts into fiddle strings
And we'll have a violin.

II

Those who had never met before but in
Caldest surroundings, found all shadows mingling;
No stance could be struck here, no peace attained
And words blew round in broken syllables
Half-meanings sounded out like trumpet blasts,
Decisive words were driven into hiding

III

Everything's combed slick in a gale
Of horizontals and streaming slants
Except where, in that stony corner,
A cobra straw stands on its tail.

IV

For well he knows the spirits' tricks at night,
Of slamming doors, and blowing out the light,
And tapping at our windows, rattling pails,
And making sighs and moans, and shouts and wails.

V.

Hark! fast by the window
The rushing winds go,
To the ice-cumbered gorges,
The vast seas of snow.

VI

And all round Everest — such fun! — you blow
Gigantic bits of rock about, for no
Reason — but every little boy
Must have his little toy.

APRIL

I

And dreams in their development have breath,
And tears, and tortures, and the touch of joy;
They leave a weight upon our waking thoughts,
They take a weight from off our waking toils
They do divide our being.

II

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover,
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the other
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Every star rattled a round tambourine.

III

...He fell in a slumbering and dreamed a marvellous dream; him seemed
that a dreadful dragon did drown much of his people, and he came
flying out of the west, and his head was enamelled with azure, and his
shoulders shone with gold, his belly like mails of a marvellous hue.

IV

People are not going
To dream of baboons and periwinkles,
Only, here and there, an old sailor,
Drunk and asleep in his boots,
Catches tigers.

V

That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,
And all the warrior guards, with shade and form
Of witch and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmar'd

VI

And Fancy, I tell you, has dreams that have wings,
And dreams that have honey, and dreams that have stings;
Dreams of the maker, and dreams of the teller,
Dreams of the kitchen and dreams of the cellar.

MAY

I

Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

II

We romped until the pans
Slid from the kitchen shelf;
My mother's countenance
Could not unfrown itself.

III

Let's laugh now and the pressed grape drink,
Till the drowsy day star wink;
And our merry, mad mirth run
Faster and faster than the wun;
And let none his cup forsake.

IV

Drink, and dance, and pipe, and play;
Kisse our Dollies night and day:
Crowned with clusters of the Vine;
Let us sit and quaffe our wine.

V

And the Hip! Hop! Hap!
Of the clap
Of the hands to the twist and the swirl
Of the girl gone chancing,
Glancing,
Dancing.

VI

To jump the rails, kick over the traces
To go to town and visit places,
Sit ten at table meant for two,
And choke on smoke as you used to do.

JUNE

I

There on the pathway stretched along
The lovely serpent lay:
She reared not up the heath among,
She bowed her head, she sheathed her tongue,
And shining stole away.

II

Thrice happy snake, that in her sleeve
May boldly creep: we dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfined a leave.

III

Not a bee shall hear him creeping,
Not a may-fly shall awaken
From the cradling blue-bell shaken,
Not the starlight as he's sliding
Through the grass with silent gliding.

IV

Yet when a Boy, and Barefoot —
I more than once at Noon
Have passed: I thought, a whip lash
Unbraiding in the Sun
When stooping to secure it
It wrinkled and was gone.

V

Just an adder, slowly gliding
Sleepy curving idleness,
On the Sussex turf now writing
S.O.S.

VI

Only the serpent in the dust,
Wriggling and crawling,
Grinned an evil grin and thrust
His tongue out with its fork.

JULY

I

struck by the reemergent sun
in outsize, glorious coinage,
mint-fresh from infra-violet to ultra red,
ethereal and rooted in the sea.

II

Filleted sun streaks the purple mist,
Everything is kissed and reticulated with sun
Scooped up and cupped in open fronts of shops
And bouncing on the traffic which never stops.

III

My son said to me:
Mother, he said, from the wet streets
The clouds are removed and the sun walks
Without shoes on the warm pavements.

IV

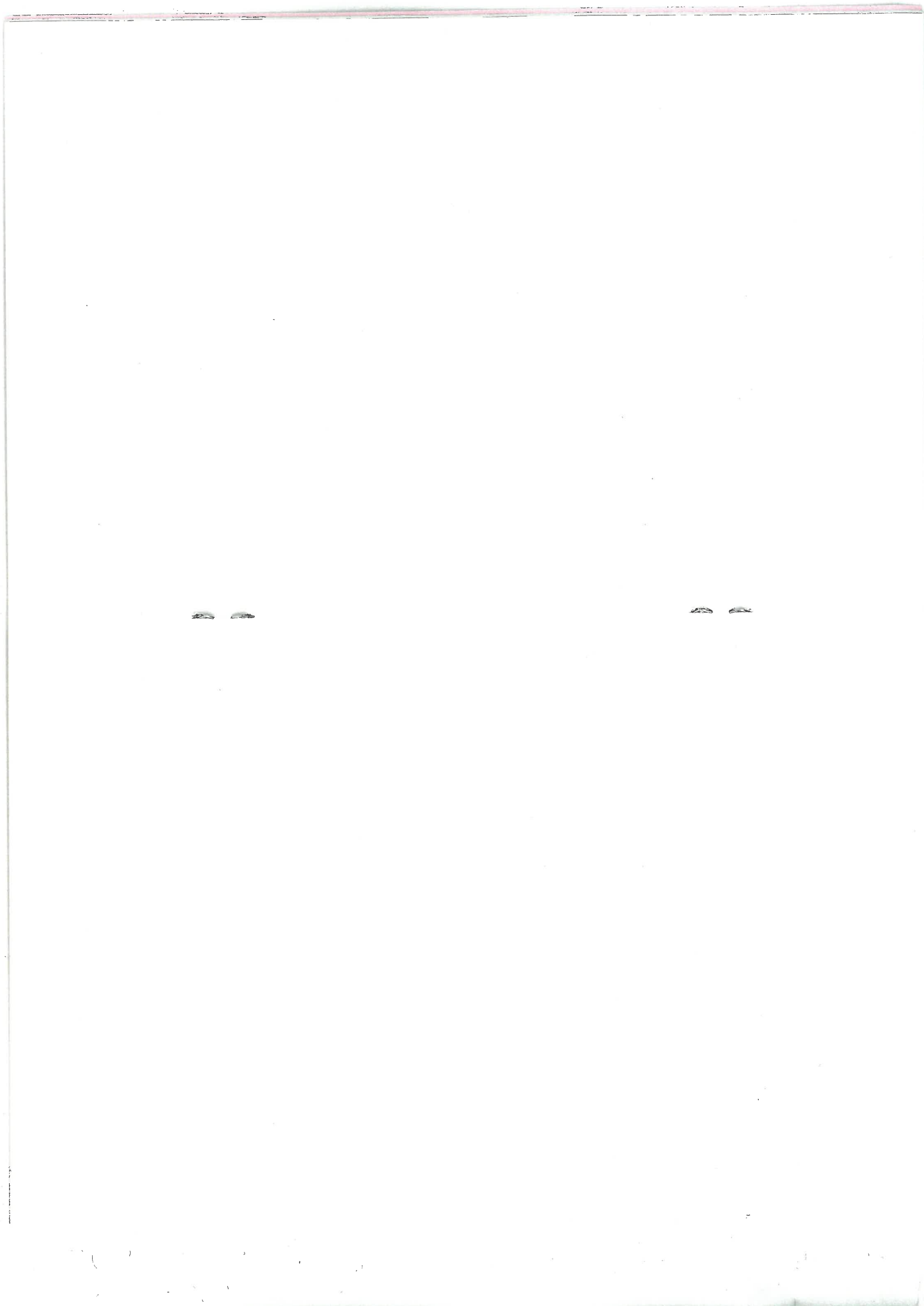
'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the sun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can sweep, and dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undistinguished blaze.

V

And over me unrolls on high
The splendid scenery of the sky,
Where through a sapphire sea the sun
Sails like a golden galleon.

VI

But oh, what ailaw the Sunne, tha here he staies
Longer to day than other daies?
Staies he new light from these to get?
And finding here such store, is loth to set?



AUGUST

I

Surf-swimming between rollers, catching breath
Between the advancing grave and breaking death,
Then shooting up into the sunlight smooth
To watch the advancing roller bare his teeth.

II

... Nevertheless I learnt to swim there, as all the other boys did; for the
greatest point in learning is to find that you must do it. I loved the water
naturally, and could not be long out of it; but even the boys who hated it
most came to swim in some fashion or other.

III

Off went his silken robe, and in he leapt,
Whom the kind waves so licorously cleapt,
Thickening for haste, one in another, so,
To kiss his skin.

IV

When some young poet
Comes there to bathe, and yet half thrills to do it
Hovering with his ripe locks, and fair light limbs,
And trying with cold foot the banks and brims,
They win him to the water with sweet fancies
Till in the girdling stream he pants and dances.

V

Yet still gleam
The sands where those now-sleeping young moon-bathers
Came dripping out of the sea and from their arms
Shook flakes of light, dancing on the foamy edge
Of quiet waves.

VI

Behind a rock, thy harbour, whence a noise
Of tarry sponge-boats hammered lustily:
And from that little rock thy naked boys
Like burning arrows shower upon the sea.

SEPTEMBER

I

Something wrong with the time-table, something unreal
In the scrambled meal
And the bag ready packed by the door, as though the heart
Has gone ahead, or is staying here forever

II

Bed at Ostend at 5AM.
Breakfast at 6, and train 6.30
Tickets to Königswinter (mem:
The seats unutterably dirty).

III

But then you turned to me and said
With that mild glance, a third thing to remember —
"You are gone already, your thoughts far from here
At least three thousand miles away
Where you will be tomorrow."

IV

The candles alight in the room
For my parting meal
Made all things withoutdoors loom
Strange, ghostly, unreal..

V

But this wretched Inn,
At Plymouth, is so full of din
Talkings and trappings to and fro.
And then my ship, to which I go
Tonight, is no more home

VI

Gone like the nuthatch, the flycatcher,
Like the partridges from the bulldozed hill.
Now it was I who was going,
And they were back, or had never gone.
Chuckling, bickering up there in the elm's bare branches

OCTOBER

I

At midnight,
Under the vines,
A hotel chair
Settles down moodily before the headlines
Of a still-folded evening newspaper

II

... The legs of the occupant dangle in the air into space at a ghastly height above the rocks and roofs below. It is more difficult to get out of the Chair than to get into it, as the legs have, to be drawn and curled up on the seat of the Chair before the sitter can rise

III

Adam's chair is cut
in lions for arms. An amphora unfolds
a vine that flows up, straight, enticing to it
two massive birds,

IV

These chairs they have no words to utter,
No fire is in the grate to stir or flutter,
The ceiling and the floor are mute as a stone,
My chamber is hushed and still
And I am alone.

V

My chair is heavy and carved, and with sweeping
green behind
It is hung, and the dragons thereon grin out in the
Gusts of wind:
On its folds an orange lies, with a deep gash cut in
The rind.

VI

But restless was the chair; the back erect
Distressed the weary loins that felt no ease;
The slip'ry seat betray'd the sliding part
That press'd it, and the feet hung dangling
Anxious in vain to find the distant floor.

NOVEMBER

I

The wood is bare; a river-mist is sleeping
The trees that winter's chill of life bereaves:
Only their stiffened boughs break silence, weeping
Over their fallen leaves.

II

There was once road through the woods
Before they planted the trees.
It is underneath the coppice and heath,
And the thin anemones.

III

Never in woods
Runs insanity fleeing itself: all sane
The woods revolve: as the tree its shadowing limbs
To some resemblance in motion, the rooted life
Restrain disorder:

IV

O hurry to the ragged wood, for there
I will drive all those lovers out and cry ---
O my share of the world, O yellow hair!
No one has ever loved but you and I.

V

Rooted in steadfast calm, grey stems are seen
Like weather-beaten masts; the wood, unfurled,
Seems as a ship with crowding sails of green
That sweeps across the lonely billowing world...

VI

Thick with sloe and blackberry, uneven in the light,
Lonely ran the hedge, the heavy meadow was remote,
The oldest part of Cornwall was the wood as black as night,
And the pheasant and the rabbit lay torn open at the throat.

DECEMBER

I

There falls with every wedding chime
A feather from the wing of Time.

II

Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea

III

And since the heavens will attend
As long on us,

You've been, dear friend,
precipitate and pragmatical,
and look what happens. For Time is
nothing if not amenable.

IV

Lost in the uttermost of Eternity.
Think! I'm Time's smallest clock's minutest beat
Might there not rest be found for wandering feet?

V

All these like stars in Time are set,
They vanish but can never pass:
The capital sun that with them fades is yet
Fast-fixed as they in Time like glass

VI

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back.
Where in he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past: which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done.

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2010

JANUARY 'Sunrise'

- I. Blake. *To Morning*, verse 11, lines 3-7
- II. Browning. *Pippa Passes*. *New Year's Day*
- III. John Freeman. *The Walkers*, verse 4
- IV. Cowper. *The Task*. *Winter Morning Walk*, lines 1-6
- V. Anthony Hecht. *A Letter*, verse 11, lines 1-4
- VI. Wordsworth. *Resolution and Independence*, verse 3

FEBRUARY 'Musicians'

- I. Longfellow. *Tales of the Wayside Inn*. *Prelude*.
- II. Hood. *Ode to St Cecilia's Eve*, lines 10 1-105
- III. Byron. *Don Juan*. Canto 13, v. CVII
- IV. W. de la Mare. *Unheard Melodies*, verse 2
- V. W. Collins. *On our late taste in music*, lines 21-24
- VI. John Donne. *Satyre*, line IIII

MARCH 'Strangers'

- I. Harold Monro. *Unknown Country*, verse 3
- II. Walt Whitman. *To a Stranger*, lines 1-3
- III. A. E. Housman. *Tell me not...*
- IV. R. S. Thomas. *The Minister*, verse 4
- V. Robert Frost. *Love and Question*, verse 2
- VI. David Gascoign. *Winter Garden*, verse 3

APRIL 'You too have lived in Arcadia'

- I. R. L. Stevenson. *Et tu in Arcadia Vinisti*
- II. Sydney Keyes. *The Grail*, last lines
- III. Chesterton. *The Hunting of the Dragon*, verse 5
- IV. William Morris. *The Earthly Paradise*. *Prologue*
- V. Ezra Pound. *The Return*, verse 3
- VI. Auden. *Atlantis*, verse 6

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2010

MAY 'Ducks'

- I. Masfield. *The Wild Duck*
- II. Beatrix Potter. *Jemima Puddleduck*
- III. John Crowe Ransome. *What Ducks Require*, verse 1
- IV. F. W. Harvey. *Ducks*, verse 11
- V. W. W. Gibson. *Wings*
- VI. William Allingham. *A Memory*

JUNE 'Flying Balls'

- I. Thomas Gray. *Distant Prospect Of Eton College*, lines 8-10
- II. D. L. Sayers. *Murder Must Advertise*, Ch XVIII
- III. Michael Ivens. *First Day At School*, verse 1, lines 2-6
- IV. John Gay. *The Great Frost*, lines 33-36
- V. Bejteman. *Seaside Golf*, verse 1, lines 1-6
- VI. Dylan Thomas. *Should Lanterns Shine*, last lines

JULY 'Bees'

- I. Bridges. *The Garden in September*, verse 1, lines 6-10
- II. Robert Graves. *The Pier-Glass*, verse 4, lines 4-8
- III. Shakespeare. *Henry V*, Act 1, scene 2 Canterbury
- IV. Sylvia Plath. *Wintering*, verse 5, lines 2-5
- V. John Clare. *The Shepherd's Calendar*. May, lines 7-10
- VI. V. Sackville-West. *The Land. Spring. Bee Master*

AUGUST 'Sand'

- I. Swinburne. *Neap-Tide*, verse 7
- II. Robert Lowell. *Child's Song*, verse 4
- III. Keats. *Epistle & Hamilton Reynolds*, verse 9, lines 89-92
- IV. D. G. Rossetti. *Even So*, verse 2, lines 1-4
- V. Hawker. *Featherstones Doom*
- VI. Francis Cornford. *Pre-Existence*

ANSWERS TO HIDE AND SEEK 2010

SEPTEMBER 'Alone'

- I. Hardy. *Nobody Comes*, verse 2
- II. Sassoon. *When I'm Alone*, verse 2, lines 2-4
- III. Matthew Arnold. *In Utrunque Parolus*, verse 3, lines 4-7
- VI. F. T. Prince. *The Old age of Michael Angelo*, verse 7 lines 1-3
- V. W. S. Graham. *Malcolm Mooney's Land*, 5 last verse
- IV. Kingsley Amis. *The Last War*, verse 6

OCTOBER 'Kettles'

- I. Coleridge. *Monody on a Tea-Kettle*
- II. Lewis Carroll. *Alice Through The Looking glass*, ChV, 6
- III. Defoe. *Robinson Crusoe* (p 281)
- IV. Kipling. *Natural Theology*, verse 6 Chorus
- V. Arthur Ransome. *Swallowdale*, Ch VI Salvage
- VI. Swift. *Baucis & Philemon*

NOVEMBER 'Beware'

- I. Shelley. *The Two Spirits*, VI, lines 1-4
- II. Scott. *Marmion Canto Third XXIII*
- III. Edward Thomas. *The Mill-Pond*, verse 4
- IV. Henrick Hesperides. *Safety on the Shore*. Complete
- V. Stevie Smith. *Little boy lost*, lines 15-20
- VI. Thomas Moore. *Song of the Evil Spirit Of the Woods*, verse 2 line 1-4

DECEMBER 'Cards'

- I. Pope. *The Rape of the Lock*. Canto III, lines 46-50
- II. T. S. Eliot. *The Waste Land* 1. *The Burial Of The Dead*, lines 51-54
- III. Charles Lamb. *Mrs Battle's Opinions on Whist*
- IV. John Wilmot. *Earl of Rochester. At Tunbridge Wells*, line 29-32
- V. William Hazlett. *Essay*. London *The Country People*
- VI. John Updyke. *Bridge*, lines 1-5

MARKS LIST 2010

FIRST PRIZE

Judith Neal and Adam Potheary.....720

SECOND PRIZE

Alison Sheehan-Hunt.....715

THIRD PRIZE

S.A Osborn and family.....710

Alan Hollinghurst.....690

June Walker.....670

Ann Poihill.....645

Hilary Adam and Beryl Caward.....635

J. A. Taylor.....560

Mrs P. J Pearce.....540

Kenneth Thornton.....540

Meryl Foster.....495

Florence Yarwood.....465

Jenny Smailman.....325

Tom Durham.....320

Margaret Wigglesworth.....290

Olga Easy.....210

NOTES

One or two of you mentioned that the 2010 *Hide and Seek* was easier, and indeed marks were higher this year; More than two of you solved all the quotations. There were, however, a couple of peculiarities. December V was written by Hazlitt though in 1906 edition of his works his son, who edited it, appears to of rewritten the passage himself and changed Mr Fisher to Mr Dunster. Robert Graves on the other hand, had apparently 'gone off the Pier Glass (July II) or at least part of it, and removed the final section with my quotation in it when he edited it – sorry!

I have a feeling that 2011 *Hide and Seek* will be more testing, but I hope enjoyable.

Have a Happy New Year with it!

FREEMANTLE

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